

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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Corby Hall—University of Notre Dame

... THE WEEK ...

I wonder how Walt Mason writes *sans* effort and *sans* stint. I worry days and waken nights to fill this page of print. The crowded school activities that work to student loss, should make this page a work of ease, but that is apple sauce. In any ordinary week it's difficult to fill a page like this and make it reek with fiction, fact and thrill. Occasionally, though, there come such lively weeks as this is, when campus, halls, and city hum with entertaining misses. And of such weeks within the year the liveliest of all, is that in which you cannot hear a word except "the Ball."

That kind of writing may be easy for Walt Mason, but I give up. But that doesn't mean that this isn't an exceptional week as mentioned. The first of the week saw the stream of Brooks models heading townward, most of them with a spare on the arm. There was a lot of cleaning done, even outside the ticket committee, and most everyone was pressed. Music for the Ball came under excellent recommendation. A committee composed of most of the residents of Sorin Hall heard the Night-Hawks melodize for St. Mary's-of-the-Woods.

The entire University benefits from the Ball. The rust and dust of a year of wear and tear is being erased by the glistening application of much paint on the various halls that come in the line of vision of the visitors. One fellow wrote to his girl, "We're getting all painted up for the Ball," and she wrote back, "That's fine, so are we."

Notre Dame's baseball team took the spotlight on the very eve of the Ball, which is an achievement, by annexing another victory over the capable Wabash nine. It was a see-saw game—Notre Dame confined herself to merely teetering, however, while the Wabash nine did the tottering and, with a few timely shoves, fell. This is the second victory within a week over the Little Giants and they are not credited anywhere with being ill at ease on the diamond. Sports this week present for the pleasure of the visitors the only home track event of the season—the dual meet with the Michigan State School of Applied Sciences, Liberal Arts and Agriculture, ("nee" the Michigan Agricultural College.)

Father William Bolger addressed the Knights of Columbus on Tuesday evening. It was feared that he had been secured to speak on behalf of the financial secretary, but this view was dispelled by his delightful talk, much to the relief of the financially weak. The Scribblers indulged in an All-Scribbler meeting on Wednesday evening. Other clubs are meeting frequently in the interest of electing the officers who next year will carry the titles; titles that for burdensomeness make the famous "old man of the river" seem about as heavy as a hollowed-out cream puff. A number of conditional exam classes also met.

Speaking of sports—or were we?—at any rate let's get back to the Ball. That's all there is to talk about, despite the Juniors et al. It is hard to write at this time about the Ball—medium, summon Charles K. Harris. Banking on the advance notices, and timely publications, it must be about time to eat. Before we are trampled in the rush, we take this opportunity to conclude.

S. A. C. Notes

A cheerleader for next year is soon to be chosen by the S. A. C. All applications for the position should be presented at once to either John Tuohy, Secretary of the S. A. C. (Walsh Hall) or to Eddie Luther, the present cheerleader. The date and place of the tryouts will be announced later.

—NDS—

The S. A. C. met with the faculty advisory committee, consisting of Fathers Irving, O'Donnell, Lahey and Coach Rockne, on Wednesday evening May 6. Many matters of concern to both groups were discussed at length.

MEN NOMINATED FOR STUDENT OFFICES

The following is a list of the men nominated for the various class offices:

Class of 1926—President, John Purcell, Frank Bon.

Vice-President—Malcolm Knauss, Ed. A. Byrne.

Secretary—Ed Crowe, Elroy Habert.

Treasurer—Roger Nolan, Joe Sexton.

S.A.C. Representatives—College of Commerce: Paul Johnson, Lester Hegele.

College of Science—Worden Kane, Tom Leahy.

College of Law—Harold Robertson, Arthur Bidwell.

College of Arts and Letters—Charles Mooney, Paul Fleming.

Day-Students—Urban Simons, Don Halpin.

College of Engineering—Ben Bourne.

Class of 1927—President: William Daily, Richard Halpin.

Vice-President—John Conroy, John Howard.

Secretary—Gerard LaStrange, Joe Della Maria.

Treasurer—John McMannon, Joe Boland.

S.A.S. Representatives—One-year term: Vince McNally, Don Wilkins.

Two-year term—Toby Gish, Joe Quinn, Dan Cunningham, William Coyne.

Class of 1928—President: Thomas Purcell, Fred Collins.

Vice-President—Paul Brady, James O'Toole.

Secretary—Pierce O'Connor, Thomas LaVelle.

Treasurer—Tom Murphy, Edward McGauley.

S.A.C. Representative—Arthur Denchfield, John Cavanaugh.

Final elections for all offices were held in the Gymnasium yesterday. The results were too late for this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

APRIL "ALUMNUS" APPEARS

Most conspicuous in the recently issued *Alumnus* for April, is the detailed account of Universal Notre Dame Night, as reported by the representatives of the various meetings held throughout the United States and even in South America, the Philippines and Italy. As a result of Universal Night fourteen new alumni clubs have been formed, fourteen scholarships for deserving boys have been established at the University and there is everywhere a more intense interest in Notre Dame.

"Academic Development at the University," an address delivered from Station WGN, Chicago, on Universal Notre Dame Night by Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., President-Emeritus of the University, is of especial interest in that it reveals some of the little-thought-of problems of administration that exist at Notre Dame. J. F. Doherty's, "Cleveland Produces *Thundergust*," is not a scientific dissertation as one might suppose from the title, but a very cleverly written account of a Notre Dame luncheon held in the Hotel Cleveland on March 21. The song-writing propensity of a certain Notre Dame alumnus is here made known.

"Campus News and Views" by James E. Armstrong, '25, and the usual columns of editorial comment, athletic and alumni news complete an excellent issue.

FATHER BOLGER SPEAKS TO K. OF C.

The encyclical, "The Condition of the Working Classes," issued by Pope Leo XIII on May 15, 1891, was interestingly commented upon by Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., in his address to the Knights of Columbus at their meeting Tuesday night. Father Bolger told first of the abominable conditions, inspired chiefly by Adam Smith and his doctrine of *laissez faire*, that preceded the issuance of the famous encyclical. He then took four of the more important points in the encyclical and explained the nature of each of them.

At the conclusion of Father Bolger's remarks, "Mickey" O'Connor, accompanied by "Mike" Dufficy, sang two solos while ice cream and cake were being served.

At the business meeting, before the speaking, Grand Knight McGuire announced that the K. of C. golf tournament would begin on Thursday morning May 14 and that the first round must be completed by Monday evening May 18. Only four days will be allowed for the completion of the other rounds. Four prizes are being offered: one to the winner and one to the runner-up in each of the two classes.

Grand Knight McGuire also announced that the dance, planned by the Council, would take place on May 29, that it would be formal and that it would very probably be limited to members of the Order.

MONSIGNOR NOLL, BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE

Word was received at the University Wednesday of the appointment of Rt. Rev. Monsignor John E. Noll as Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. For many years, Monsignor Noll has been editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, a weekly paper familiar to Catholics and non-Catholics all over the United States. Monsignor Noll, long a valued friend of the University, will fill the position left vacant by the death of Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding.

Spring is the season for Notre Dame men to stay on the campus.

Music

The University Glee Club has but two more concerts scheduled before the close of school. These are the annual Chicago and South Bend concerts.

The South Bend concert will be given the evening of May 22, in the parish hall of St. Patrick's Church. The Club will be directed in this concert by Dr. J. Lewis Browne and will be assisted by Miss Sara McCabe of Chicago, who sang with the Club at its appearance on the Notre Dame campus.

The Chicago concert will be given in the Auditorium Theatre, Congress Street and Wabash Avenue, on the evening of May 27. This concert will be given under the auspices of De La Salle Institute in conjunction with the graduation exercises of the school. It will also be conducted by Dr. Browne, and Miss McCabe will again appear as soloist.

—N D S—

The Glee Club is at work upon the music for a Mass to be sung Commencement Sunday in the Church. It will be remembered that the Glee Club sang the Commencement Mass last year with much success.

CUBS HAVE ANNUAL BANQUET

The Cubs, Notre Dame journalistic society, held their second annual banquet in the Rustic Room of the Hotel LaSalle Monday evening, May 11. Thirteen members were present. Ray Hunt, the President, presided and acted as toastmaster.

Professor John M. Cooney, Head of the School of Journalism, the scheduled speaker, was unable to attend. In his absence the better part of the evening was given over to "shop talk." Everyone present was called upon to give a short discourse, and the plans of the society for the coming year were discussed. It was decided that the Cubs should choose some definite objective for their activities next year so as to fulfill their purpose of furthering the interests of journalism at the University.

ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIPS

Fourteen new scholarships will be offered to freshmen of the University beginning next year by the Alumni Association, working through twelve of its local Clubs. Two scholarships each will be given in the Cleveland and Detroit districts, and one each in Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Denver, Indianapolis, South Bend, Michigan City, and Calumet District.

The scholarships will be available "to any boy residing in the club district, graduating from a high school, academy or preparatory school, regardless of religious creed." Selection is made upon a competitive basis by a committee consisting of three club members, who have the right to call upon prominent citizens to sit on their board to help make the selection.

Letters announcing the scholarships will be sent to all the high schools in the city whose Alumni Club is making the award, and applications, accompanied by recommendations, will be received from graduating students. Each member of the committee will interview every applicant, and rate him according to his past scholastic record, past record of activities, moral standards, qualities of leadership, and financial resources and need of scholarship. The members of the Committee will then meet and submit their ratings of each applicant. The student whose rating is highest will be awarded the scholarship.

The scholarships will take the form of an advance or loan of three hundred dollars each school year, which is to be paid to the University and applied against the school expenses. The applicant assumes responsibility for another three hundred dollars, and the University will furnish him with a position which will enable him to take care of the remainder of the total expense of nine hundred dollars. Thus, every year, the Alumni Club, the University, and the applicant will each furnish a third of the school expenses.

This plan of scholarships was worked out in conjunction with the recent Universal Notre Dame Night, and it has everywhere

met with the enthusiastic support of the Alumni Clubs. In addition to the opportunities these scholarships will give to worthy students, they will also furnish the Alumni Clubs with a method of doing something worth-while for their Alma Mater.

 SCRIBBLERS TO ELECT NEW MEMBERS

All properly qualified students who desire membership in the Scribblers, should make written application at once to James E. Armstrong, Corby Hall. Election of several new members is to take place within the next two weeks. All applicants must have appeared in print in any one of the Notre Dame publications including the *Daily* of last year.

 SENIOR BALL IS SPLENDID AFFAIR.

Splendidly picturesque and colorful, with all dignity attaching to the most important social event of the scholastic year, the Senior Ball of 1925 was danced into history in the Palais Royale last night. The Coon-Sanders Kansas City Night Hawks played from ten until three for the 235 couples who attended.

The patrons and patronesses were: Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Dean and Mrs. T. J. Konop, Coach and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Professor Charles Phillips and Professor Paul Fenlon.

From four to six yesterday afternoon there was a reception dance in the Oliver, with music by Harry Denny's Collegians, for the entertainment of those Seniors and their guests who cared to attend. A dinner in the Rotary Room of the Oliver to-night will close the Ball festivities.

 NEW PARKING SPACE OPENED

A new space for parking cars has been provided in the field just south of the Post Office. This improvement is expected to eliminate the congestion of cars around the University entrances. In the future, no parking will be allowed on the roads near the Library and in front of the University grounds.

LAW PUBLICATION TO APPEAR NEXT OCTOBER

Final plans for the publication of a Notre Dame law review were approved at a meeting of all the law students last Thursday afternoon. David Stanton, chairman of the committee appointed some time ago to investigate the feasibility of the publication, reported that the proposed magazine has the sanction of the University Board of Publications and that a sufficient number of subscriptions will insure the financial success of the undertaking. His report received unanimous approval. Clarence J. Ruddy was elected editor-in-chief, and Maurice McNulty, business manager.

According to the plans of the editor, the magazine will be similar in content and form to the law reviews published at other large colleges of law. Articles by nationally known jurists will feature each number, to be supplemented by papers on interesting phases of the law by Notre Dame students. The first issue of the magazine will appear in October: eight issues will appear throughout the school year.

NOTRE DAME ALUMNUS HAS NOVEL SYSTEM

The following, an excerpt from an article in the Grand Rapids Herald, is of interest to Notre Dame:

"How many car owners, if their cars disappeared to-morrow would be able to reel off their license numbers without thumbing the file marked 'Valuable Papers?' Not many, statistics would show, and among the few so highly gifted would be John B. Wright of Tucson, just appointed U. S. Attorney of Arizona by President Coolidge.

"Mr. Wright would know his license number because it is identical with the number of his house, the number of his postoffice box and his telephone number. He lives at 646 South Sixth ave., and once you have that you know practically all there is to know numerically about the new U. S. Attorney.

"It took me years in this complicated world to achieve this obvious simplification of numbers," Mr. Wright explained. "Take

even in this small town. There are eight Wrights in the telephone book, and not one works at the trade which the old Guild name denotes. There is A. C. Wright, a doctor; Harold Bell Wright, a famous author; there's Willard Wright, owner of a taxicab company; oh, a whole string of them. But there's no way to tie them up with their business."

"U. S. Attorney Wright has been a prominent lawyer in Arizona for many years. He was one time attorney general of the state. He is one of Notre Dame's old graduates, and had a proud week-end last Christmas entertaining the football team from his alma mater when it stopped off at Tuscon en route to Pasadena, where it met and defeated Stanford for the unofficial national championship. Mr. Wright drove his Packard across the desert in record time to see that game."

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB ELECTS

The Grand Rapids Club met on Monday night and elected the following officers: James Withey, president; Gladstone McDermott, vice-president; Carl Pettersch, secretary-treasurer. Father J. Hugh O'Donnell president.

SPANISH CLUBS HOLDS SMOKER

The Spanish Club held a successful smoker in the Carroll Hall Recreation Room Wednesday evening. The large number present—about forty—spoke well for the interest which the newly organized Club has aroused.

Papers were read by Messrs. Dolmadge, Shanafield and Leary, and short talks were delivered by Father O'Hara, Padre Emiliano, Padre Felipe, Professor Corona and Father McKeon, who is the sponsor of the Club. All were given in the Spanish tongue. Joseph Prelli sang several Spanish songs which were most enthusiastically received. During an intermission cookies and ice cream were served. President Gilbert J. Coty presided and introduced the various speakers. The object of the club is to familiarize students with the Spanish language as it is spoken in everyday conversation and thereby to aid them in its study.

The Passing of A Patriarch

Rev. Timothy Maher, C. S. C.,

1831—1925

When Father Timothy Maher passed away in the early morning of Friday, May 15, there disappeared from the life of the campus and the community one of the rarest figures Notre Dame has known. He slipped out of life as unostentatiously as he had slipped into everything and out of everything for the past sixty years of his abiding here. True, he had been anointed a few days before but the intervening days had been comfortable and normal and no one dreamed the end was so near. Indeed the Superior was actually on his way from the chapel to the room of the venerable priest to bring him Holy Communion when Brother Julius hurried out to tell the Sister that Father Maher suddenly seemed to be sinking. Before Sister could reach his bedside, he had gently and almost imperceptibly ceased to breathe.

Father Maher was born in the shadow of the Rock of Cashel in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, on March 3, 1831. He was eleven years old when Father Sorin began in the wilderness the missionary work which was to issue later on in the University of Notre Dame. As a boy of fourteen, he heard Daniel O'Connell make a thunderous, historic speech at Cashel to an audience of five hundred thousand men, women and children—it is O'Connell himself who describes it and gives that figure.

Father Maher came to the United States in 1856 and in a few weeks received the habit (Jan. 26, 1857) as Brother John Chrysostom. According to the Community rule of that day, it was possible for a young Brother to begin theological studies and receive ordination in the Community. Accordingly on August 15, 1861, Brother Chrysostom, despite his twenty six years, took off his habit and was invested with the cassock of a seminarian. On St. Joseph's Day, 1863, he was professed and six years later, on August 15, he received the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

Even before profession Father Maher had been charged with the financial accounts of the University. In a little room opposite the Treasurer's Office now, on the ground floor of the Infirmary, the difficult duties of Secretary of the University were carried on by him until the Administration Building lifted its Dome to the sky in 1879 and the present office of the Secretary of the University was opened. Father Maher continued in charge of the University ledgers for many years and then was transferred to a similar work as Postmaster of the University, an office he held not

merely for years but for decades—indeed until his strength so failed him that he was unable to report regularly at his duties. He had already attained extreme old age, but he remained a charming and cheerful figure on the campus, taking a young man's delight in every incident of importance, cheering younger men with his light-heartedness, his genial humor and his insuperable courage, and lending his natural gaiety to the Community recreation in a way that promoted universal happiness and content. Until his strength so far failed him that he had to retire to the gentle shades of the Community House, he remained the inspiration of the younger members of the Community and indeed it was their love and devotion to him and his rare and beautiful ascendancy over them that won for him, by the common voice and out of the common heart, the title of President of the Young Men's Club.

Academically Father Maher was not a scholar but I have hardly ever known a better judge of a good book, a strong magazine article or a substantial and inspiring speech. What other men got through long scholastic training, he seemed to possess by a sort of natural instinct as he knew without teaching how to detect shoddy in a coat, a book or a man. He was not technically an advanced mathematician but he was a lightning calculator such as the oldest among us has probably not met elsewhere and the curious interest of this faithful, aged religious in the stock market and technical business reports in the press always furnished innocent amusement to his friends.

Father Maher was a model religious. He never missed an exercise of piety through neglect. There never was a more charitable tongue in a monk and never was a Soldier of Christ less of a pharisee. He could see no man's faults but his own, so far as they involved the virtue of charity, though his judgment upon talents and accomplishments had all of the brightness as well as the hard honesty of steel. He was beautifully loyal to friends (and they were Legion) and there was something almost religious in his veneration for the Big Men and the Big Things of the past. He was no mere worshipper at the shrine of Power and Place and, though always respectful to the respectable, was singularly honest, outspoken and sincere in his dealings with authority.

Peace to the beloved old saint—he will be missed. Even among the "old timers" there were not many like him! R.I.P.

—J. C.

EDITORIAL

OUR SENIOR BALL....

Swayed by the melodious syncopation of the Kansas City Night Hawks, entranced by the aroma of delicate perfumes, and bewitched by the fascinating charms of their dancing partners, the Notre Dame senior classmen celebrated, last evening in the Palais Royale, the Senior Ball—the social event of their college career. The young ladies attending were from far and near, from South Bend and St. Mary's, from Chicago, from New York, and from California; their formal apparel of Spring's gayest colors; the artistically selected favors—all of these added to the success of the seniors' last party.

But then we must go one step further and look to the nucleus of the organization which functioned so effectively in making the Senior Ball the most elaborate and the most magnificent ever. To Don Miller, the class president, to his efficient general chairman, George Laughlin, and to John Lynch, Vincent Schneider, Paul Rahe, Charles Collins, Frank Howland, Everard Kohl, Charles Donahue, and Charles Mouch, the subcommittee chairmen, the dazzling splendour of the Ball really must be attributed.

—R.R.C.

A TENNIS RACQUET

THERE are still a few Notre Dame men who could attend the tennis matches with benefit, not merely from the game, which is fast and clean, but more from the custom of cheering a good play by an opponent. Notre Dame still prides herself on her sportsmanship, but there are still a few. . . . —A.S.

VALUES

"COLLEGE life lasts, as a rule, only four years, and the special charm of it lies in the points wherein it differs from the life of the city, rather than in the points wherein it resembles that life. These are the years during which young men dream dreams and see visions. These are the years during which the beautiful and abiding friendship of after-life are formed and cultivated. It is almost a sacrilege to cheapen and vulgarize a college by reducing it to the level of a mere class-room exercise and by robbing it of all that makes it distinctive and memorable in the experience of youth."

These words, taken from the general catalogue of the University, are replete with truth. They are true at any time; but they are of special import in the spring-time when the campus and the near-countryside are so beautifully verdant and when priceless friendships are nurtured and matured under the spell of companionship in the open.

In the cold days of winter there may be good excuse for sneaking off from the confinement of one's room to an afternoon or an evening at the Palace. Inclement weather often prevents one from remaining outside any longer than necessary. And the Palace, with warmth, jokes and acrobats is enticing. But now in the spring-time—in the gorgeous Notre Dame spring-time—?

There are the delightful, wandering walks around the lakes in the glorious laziness of a warm spring day. There are the strolls into the dusk with a treasured friend, as the

sun sinks resplendently back of the St. Joe river. There are the exploring tours into the little-known corners of Notre Dame: into the log chapel, into the boiler-house if you will, or, leaving the campus, into the mysteries that lie along the path near the St. Joe river. There are the impromptu indoor-baseball games, so noisy, interesting and comical. There are the hours of swimming in the satisfying heat of a spring sun.

These are things which give life at Notre Dame a special charm. These are things which make the four years here quite different from any other years of one's life. These are things which help men to dream, to plan, to live eagerly and expectantly in the future, and to cement, with unyielding firmness, the friendships of the years. The theatre, the pool room, the street are cheap and inconsequential compared with these.

—W.R.D.

ON SOCIAL CALENDARS

Unlike most of the state universities and the private colleges in the East, Notre Dame has not made dancing a required subject on its curriculum. At Notre Dame a man is not measured by his dancing stride; and an event like the Senior Ball, is, in the history of the school, a special occasion and not a weekly necessity, as formal dances at many universities have become.

On a recent track trip to one of the state universities, the Notre Dame trackmen received invitations from some of the members of the opposing track team to attend certain ones of the thirty-five formal dances which were being held on that night—the night before the meet. And the following evening invitations were again extended to include certain ones of the forty-six formal dances being given at the various fraternity and sorority houses that night.

Aside from the courtesy shown the Notre Dame track team by their opponents, the receiving of these invitations might seem to be of no more significance here. But there is something more. There is something to note in the difference of the num-

ber of social activities at Notre Dame and at such state schools. Notre Dame has, on the average, about four formal dances a year and about ten informals. Some of the state schools have, on an average, about two or three times that number a week. The university is regarded not as an educational, but as a social center.

Now, no one would think of advocating the elimination of social affairs from the student's life. These social activities are essential to his proper development—but there is a saturation point—a point beyond which studies suffer and students are concerned more with filling up their dance programs than their cerebral voids. Notre Dame men, when it comes to a show down—when the special occasion arises—such as the Senior Ball last evening, have proved that they can rise to the occasion and celebrate elaborately, equally as well as those who celebrate every week. And there can be little doubt that the infrequency of such affairs makes for a better appreciation of them when they do come.

—R. C. C.

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How It Is Done

II. W. F.

"O H, Mr. Blubberty, how do you do it?" the sweet young thing cooingly asks the famous author, Horatio M. Blubberty.

It is not recorded whether the question has appreciably increased the death rate in the United States and adjacent territories during any decade in which authors particularly flourished, but it is a recognized fact that the question caused 45,321 authors in one month last year to desire the death of sweet young things (they never would be missed), and that they did not commit the act is attributed only to the unusual respect that authors are acknowledged to have for the law, especially that one about carrying concealed weapons on the hip.

Knowing the public interest in the question, however, and realizing that not only sweet young things but also their escorts are interested in the correct answer to the conundrum, I have unselfishly devoted seven months of my most recent life to a study of one of these authors in his native haunts. Great as the sacrifice of these months was to me, I feel nevertheless that the resultant contribution to science will be adequate recompense, that the blessings that will be showered upon me by those who have long and vainly sought to have the question answered will be usurious interest

on the time, effort, and money spent in this investigation.

First of all I want to assure those millions interested that this has been a thorough and intensive study, that though I have confined my attention to but one of

these beings my finds are nevertheless exhaustive and historic. The story is being first made known to the waiting world through the pages of THE SCHOLASTIC since my love for Notre Dame makes me want to have those of that institution first acquainted with the epoch-making discoveries. The full report will be found by those most deeply interested, buried in the extensive files of the Agricultural Department at Washington.

The author selected for my discussion is known to the theatre - goes of New York City and other parts of



J. P. McEVoy

the United States, and to the newspaper readers of every Hearst paper in the country, as J. P. McEvoy. In addition to the prominence given to his name by his daily and Sunday feature, *The Potters*, his play by the same name (a close contender for the Pulitzer prize of 1924), his *Ignorant Essays for Associated Editors*, his mottoes and greeting cards for Buzza and Volland, and his book for the present Ziegfeld Follies (for which all the critics, even Nathan, united in a resounding cheer with a Mc-

Evoy on the end—snap it off, men, snap it off—and which some say is the funniest thing now in New York), even greater fame is this personage's due to the fact that he is one of these Notre Dame men.

Next year, not due, I am sorry to admit, to my studies of the individual, I expect him to begin on a considerable augmentation of his prominence especially in the musical comedy and straight comedy field. At any rate, four producers have asked him to write them a book for a musical comedy for next year, and he may work one out with George Gershwin, of *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Fascinating Rhythm*, *I'll Hang On to Blue*, *Fascinating Rhythm*, *I'll Hang On to You*, etc. In greeting cards, J. P. has al-Kipling the name of securing the largest sale in this country for a motto. Mr. McEvoy produces not only the Eddie Guest style of blah motto with success. For instance:

Old fellow, if I could grasp your hand
For about a minute, you'd understand
Without any fixed-up card from me,
What a bully good Christmas, I want yours to be.

Or this:

I wish that I could live the old days over,
Just once more;
I wish that we could hit the trail together,
Just once more.
Say, pal, the years are slipping by,
With many a dream, and many a sigh,
Let's chum together, you and I,
Just once more.

These are written with a smile and a recipe based on universal sentiment—mother, sweetheart, pal—formed in phrases one year older than Santa Claus and just as popular, and with a bang at the end, when possible. But McEvoy is also a popular perpetrator of what he calls the wah-wah kind, such as:

Eve had no Christmas
Neither did Adam;
Didn't have sox,
Nobody had 'em;
Never got cards,
Nobody did;
Then take this and have it
On Adam, old kid.

Of this latter kind, possibly the best known is that one that has been stuck in many a mirror of the guest bedroom bureau:

Hello, Guest, and howdeedo!
This small room belong to you,
And our house and all that's in it—
Make yourself at home each minute.
If the temperature displeases,
Take a couple of our breezes;
And if they should chill you later,
Sit upon our radiator.
If a hungry pang is twitchin'
Make a raid upon our kitchen.
Help yourself to book or blotter,
Easy chair, or teeter-totter.
All is yours that you like best,
You're at home now!
Welcome, Guest!

But in his concoction of this form of his output, Mr. McEvoy escaped my observation by running off for a time to Minneapolis where he slyly turned out one hundred and fifty specimens in a month. He returned, however, to his studio in the Catskills, where, to make amends for having escaped my observation, he put on a special performance in putting his mannikins, the Potters, through several months of activities, staging the cavortings night and day for over a month.

These few prefatory items will convince even the most doubting reader that I have been careful in selecting for my study an author that is not only successful, but one that will be even more so. My findings, too, have even greater value than if I had selected Zane Grey or Sherwood Anderson for my investigation because my subject turns out not only hokum like Mr. Grey, but also realism like Mr. Anderson.

There is a difference, of course, for Mr. Grey, I am assured by digressive investigations, feels that he has a message to convey by his hokum, while Mr. McEvoy, having learned the formula, merely has found that it pays well. Then, too, Mr. Anderson takes realism very seriously, while Mr. McEvoy refuses to shed huge tears over the antics of mankind, unless they be tears resulting from hearty laughter.

For he does, as I have discovered, immensely enjoy his own stuff. He has a

press story about a fellow who was put out of a theatre where *The Potters* was playing, a fellow who laughed so uproariously that the show had to be stopped, and when they got the guffawer outside it was discovered that the person ejected was McEvoy. Oftentimes I have seen him chuckling over the lines he inserts in his comedies because he feels that if you don't like your own stuff no one else will. He doesn't write for any audience except himself. He writes to please himself, feeling that then he will have at least one to appreciate the result, while otherwise he takes a huge chance. It has been said that McEvoy knows just what the public wants, and that is why he is successful. He says that he does not know what the public wants, he merely knows what he likes. The same thing has been said of Florenz Ziegfeld, and the same reply has been made. And so on.

The short, bulky, little fellow with the forest of porcupine hair and the tiny twig of a mustache paces up and down the well-worn rug in his studio saying over and over again to himself what Bill Potter said in rebuttal to his dear sister, Mamie, and until it sounds just right he continues the mumblings. Mamie has said: "If I was out as late as you ev'ry night, I'd get a milk wagon and make some money on my way home." To this diatribe on his activities, Bill must reply characteristically, and Bill does.

The regular peregrinations up and down the rug in the studio start soon after McEvoy has conned the newspapers that penetrate the wilds of Woodstock, N. Y., before nine every morning, and as he reads, he occasionally finds some article, some picture, some cartoon, that is the germ of an idea for a vaudeville sketch, a revue number, a Potter, or even sometimes, a play. Then he tries to start to work. During my long life I have arrived at the determined conclusion that no rational person likes to work. In order that men may work some sign contracts, and some get married. McEvoy has done both, and both are aids to activity that ends at five or six. The man of business who trades in hogs or sand blasts,

shuts up his desk at that time, and goes home forgetting about the worries of the day, but the author is not so blessed, and often after the call for the evening meal he returns to tantalize the L. C. Smith.

Then, too, the business man need not bother his tired senses by making his, all that he sees, and hears, and smells, but the successful author must be trained in selective observations. My ill-trained eye and ears have observed that at least one successful author is an unusual observer, that he writes of nothing he is not familiar with, and often must go on scouting tours for accurate knowledge of a new subject, to return triumphant and be tickled by the comic muse as it stirs him on to the setting down of that knowledge. Even the minute bits of a scene must be matters of definite knowledge, the cry of a street hawker must be one that has been heard, and its manner noted.

To put this observation down properly, I have again concluded after a detailed study of one author and a less thorough study of many others in their most favorable element, that a certain amount of innate cleverness is essential, this developed through years of effort made more or less commercially successful, depending on the appeal and novelty of the presentation. This manner of presentation is best when natural and inevitable, when not forced. John Held, —to take an instance of one of the types of creators akin to authors—did not always boast the striking style that is now his, but he says it came to be his gradually.

The accuracy of McEvoy is most to be noted in the dialogue that he writes. No one is a better observer and narrator of dialogue from the humorous angle than he, and a study of it is immensely worthwhile. It reminds me of the perfect dialogue of Dickens' villains—would that all his characters were villains, for they are much more true and jolly persons than his impossible Little Nells, and—and—you know. An instance of this McEvoy dialogue is this bit from the *Potters*:

"Well, well, hello, there!"

"Hello yourself, what's the good word?"

"Oh, I don't know, waddye know?"
 "Oh, nothing much, how goes it?"
 "Just so so. How goes it with you?"
 "Just about the same. Waddye doin' now, huh?"
 "Oh, just about the same. Waddye doin', huh?"
 "Just about the same."
 "Well, well, you're lookin' good."
 "Oh, I'm feelin' pretty good."
 "Yeh, you're lookin' pretty good."
 "Yeh, I'm feelin' pretty good. How is it by you?"
 "Oh, so so, can't complain."
 "Well, you're lookin' pretty good."

And so on, up to the "Well, see yah in church, s'long." and the return, "S'long. G'bye."

That, you will recognize as most certain-

ly the ordinary conversation of the ordinary man. It is real.

At this point I am called back to list to the voice of the comic muse speaking through the mouth of the man wearing a perfectly good carpet to shreds as he puffs on a cigar and makes his mannikins act. Accordingly my report to THE SCHOLASTIC must end.

You may be interested in knowing that my next investigation will be to find the correct answer to that harassing question: How old is Anne? Order your copy from the newsdealer today, as the issue will be limited.



THE MASTERY OF SUSPENSE

The mind hung suspended
 On some golden cord
 Awaiting the articulation
 Of some word.
 It longed to hear command,
 To breathe and live,
 And prayed the word
 Some tongue might give.
 But somehow it was not spoken
 Nor ever said,
 'Til the dawn had broken
 Among the dead.
 Thus it is our hearts
 Need words and touch,
 And even a kind thought
 Means much.

—FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

Impressions

ANTHONY SHEA

- Adelaide Crapsey A funeral in a rose garden.
- H. D. A Greek dancer catching butterflies with her hands.
- Walt Whitman An old man, on a mountain top, throwing acorns and
flower seeds to the four winds.
- Aline Kilmer A woman stooping to pick flowers to hide her tears, raising
herself only to throw the flowers at her children.
- Rupert Brooke A Greek runner singing as he runs.
- Edgar A. Guest Someone playing by ear on a battered foot-organ.
- Carl Sandburg The Great Stone Face half-hidden by factory smoke.
- Robert Herrick A man turning cartwheels to pick violets.
- Gabriel Dante Rossetti Cypress shadows by moonlight.
- Charles Algernon Swinburne A sloe-eyed woman speaking with a lisp.
- Vachel Lindsay A jazz symphony assisted by ballyhoo.
- Hilda Conkling A child who has seen wild flowers for the first time.
- Sarah Teasdale Someone singing softly in a brook and splashing the water.
- Elizabeth Lizette Reese A lavender bush's scent at dusk.
- Edgar Lee Masters A bill-boarded highway, with occasioned views of a deep-
shadowed valley.
- Rudyard Kipling Krishna Mulvaney shocking the Widow of Windsor with bal-
lads and oaths.
- Ezra Pound A man with his eyes in foreign grammars and his heart
over the horizon.
- Edgar Allan Poe A wild chime of bells with the keyboard carefully displayed.
- Edward Arlington Robinson Grand Opera heard from the back of the third balcony, the
story learned only by snatches.
- Amy Lowell A Sevres vase on a Japanese table filled with American
flowers.
- Father Charles O'Donnell The Mass said in a field of mountain flowers.
- Harry McGuire A symphony played in a valley of chaotic echoes.
- Edward Lyons The twisted smile of a centaur after he has said something,
particularly to a dryad.
- Dennis O'Neil Jade bowls that would almost crush at a touch.
- Anselm Miller A philosopher with a reed flute laughing because he has lost
his music.
- Arthur Stenius A boy, playing the piano, making music with two fingers.
- Frank O'Toole A titan, astonished that he can play the organ, running his
fingers wildly about on the treble keys.
- Walter Layne Garden flowers that want to grow in an open field.
- Anthony Shea A gauze mask hiding a face afraid of the echoes it makes.
- Robert Hennes A beautiful voice that one finally discovers is singing hymns.
- Charles Phillips The tumbling thoughts that come, as Kreisler makes his final
bow, put into order.

Once Upon A Time

JAMES A. CARROLL, '25

ONCE upon a time I lived in a nicer world than now, one which only children know and which I unwisely left behind. It was a world of beauty and color, and as I now recall it, it took the form of a lovely, abandoned castle, hung with golden banners, and delicate with curved designs, and separated from me by an impassable river of years. It was the world of my childhood.

The many and devious influences which affected us, in our little family, are most of them forgotten beyond recall. It is never possible to trace all of the myriad experiences and impressions which shape the mind of the child, or to set down clearly a picture of the gradual expansion of its soul. There only remain in one's mind single impressions, or groups of images, which cling in the memory, for goodness knows what reason, and which at times serve to color the texture and weave of thought. Those are all that I have left, faded pictures in my mind of forgotten days, vague and dim, yet sometimes vivid and arrestingly distinct, as an old portrait appears when a strong light is thrown on its neglected canvas.

And in all these images there stands, like a beautiful angel, the figure of her who loved us so, she who so tenderly protected our little bodies from harm, who shielded the white innocence of our ingenuous souls.

I recall dark, rainy mornings, in the old crazily-angled attic with the dormer windows, exploring the books and pieces of pseudo-art, a bust of an Indian princess in battered plaster, Nero's horses in print, and a chromatic reproduction of Custer's last fight; afternoons of beauty and quiet in looking through picture-books of the Russo-Japanese war; in a child's blissful slumbers, or in counting bread-wagons as they passed by the front yard; lovely hours, marred only by the dread of those horrid administrations of soap and water.

There were nights when I would lie awake, listening to all those strange noises

which can be heard deep in the night, so full of meaning to a child, and which so powerfully affect his sensitive nature. The leaves of the trees beside my windows hid many kinds of specters, their diaphanous forms ever changing with the swaying of the limbs; the piercing sounds of locomotives, a mile away, filled me with the sort of delicious terror which, I suppose, little boys of pre-historic times felt when they heard the cries of great Silurian monsters, creeping over the earth a safe distance away from them. Sometimes one of those monsters would catch a man, and with a wild clangor an ambulance would go by our house, to gather the limbs of an unfortunate, torn off by the iron feet of the brute, and to carry the victim to a hospital. Back would come that carriage of mercy, in a race with a tide of human blood; and my heart would beat faster than those leaping horses, as they dashed down the street. In all the recollections of my childhood, there is no image as distinct as that of an ambulance racing death to the grade crossing.

There were long days and short; days of fairy lightness,—happy, serene, tearless, save for the little hurts and sorrows of a child's tender years; healed, miraculously healed, by the sweet lenitive of a mother's sympathy.

There were days of striking memory, as when an escaped convict was found in the basement of the house, to whom we gave something to eat and money to continue his flight, because he was so young and because he trembled so violently in his fear of detection. Also, when the McFanns began their journey to California in their house-wagon which was so wondrously constructed—it suffered a total collapse just outside of Dayton, Ohio. Or the day Lawrence came, when I had such difficulty in assimilating the incredible news that I now had a brother.

Away with the winds have they flown, those days so filled with sunlight and laughter, when all was lovely and everybody was

nice, days in which there was no sorrow or gloom, when the very idea of sorrow was an absurdity. The *raison d'être* of elders was to amuse me; history had been that I might have great deeds to mimic; the birds sang and the flowers danced in the breeze, the sun rose and set, and the moon and the stars checkered the evening skies in bewitching tessellations, all for me.

It is many years since the day when a mother's tears were shed to see yellow curls clipped, years since the times when I suffered under Eton collars and endured the ignominy of a streamer ribbon on my hat. The rag-

men, who were legion; the umbrella mender; the children of the neighborhood; Joe, the grocery boy; the tasseled, red-top boots I once so highly prized; they have all gone out of my life, I sometimes wonder where. There was an ineffable beauty about those long-ago days, something like a melody, which comes to me now like a derision, taunting me with the possession of a matter-of-fact maturity. There was a real Paradise, those were my Elysian Fields, and they are gone, irrevocably gone, and there is left to me only a sweet recollection of that past, when I was a hero in my own right.



A Defense of Knickers

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER II.

“**A** TRUE gentleman forgets his clothes.” He also forgets those of others and they be respectable and not unseemly. Yet, narrowly akin—from a psychological viewpoint—to those weird obsessions which outlawed people as witches and warlocks, and burned martyrs at the stake, does there exist a prejudice against the man who dons the Dutch riding-breeches. The rabble scoff, the hoi-polloi jeer, the canaille snarl, the low-brows sniff. What amazing phenomena! No, not the knickers! I refer to the scoffing, jeering, snarling and sniffing of the rabble, hoi-polloi, canaille and low-brows.

Carefully gleaned statistics are as follows, the which may throw light on the matter:

CLASS	PHENOMENON	REMARKS
Rabble	Scoffing	60% bow-legged
Hoi-polloi	Jeering	74% knock-kneed or spavined
Canaille	Snarling	58% fat in limbs
Low-brows	Sniffing	100% minus cerebra

Incomplete statistics on an unknown species. . . . unknown to us who write. . . . but one said to exist, viz., the riff-raff, show various moronistic tendencies which further little the purpose of our polemic.

“He who runs may read.” Lest the subtleties of ye ancient art of exposition serve not to enlighten, it were, perforce, full fitting that the mercantile-minded, the thrifty and the great-unwashed

be here informed that in comfort, and on that one point alone even were they not economical, do Hans' kilts more than repay their wearing.

If you have them not, or, from any kinship, real or logical, to the statisticised classes, forbear to have them, be not the dog-in-manger who having not, gripes much to see others have; if nature, through ungenerous, inadequate or superfluous endowment of flesh in limb, feeble and infantile powers of intellect or lack of delicacy and gentlemanliness in disposition, has barred you from so arraying yourself. . . . good friends and true, gentlemen all. . . . God forgive me! . . . forbear, forbear!

Will Shakespeare, departed exponent of the abbreviated pantaloons, frown not from your heavenly theatre if I desecrate that noble epitaph. But perchance, you care not and smile, forsooth, as I write:

Good friends, for Finchley's sake don't stare
Or sneer, or snarl at every pair
Of knickers, but just show the good
The gentle breeding, birth and blood.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Condemnation of this writer and his opinions, if couched in proper and appropriate English, will be published in subsequent issues of the SCHOLASTIC.*

On Puppy Love

ANDREW F. SLEIGH, '27

A VERY good friend of my father once said—and, as he was our family physician for years, I always accepted his remarks as highly authentic—: “Measles, chicken-pox, and puppy love are things that every youth must suffer before he can leave his teens.” My father and my mother laughed very much at this remark of the good doctor and so did I; but I laughed, not because I exactly understood what was so funny about that happy old gentleman’s remark, but more because the others laughed, and because at that time the question of love to my mind was a thing to be scorned. But this incident, alas, occurred a long time ago. The poor doctor and my dear father are long dead; but Dr. Warder’s little “wise-crack” has lived right on, and I have learned what there was about it that was so funny.

To get down to my story, *she* came into my sweet and otherwise happy young life when I was just a few months past my fourteenth birthday. *She* was one of the city’s fairest, a sweet little thing of my own age and social position; very likable and not a whole lot hesitant about smiling rather shyly when I was around. That poor girl must have gotten very tired of smiling for I sure was around a *lot*. But I want to tell you of the “sufferings” of puppy love, not of its joys.

Many years before I was born my mother’s grandmother died and the grandparents of this girl’s mother came to the wake. In some manner never discovered to my folks, my girl’s grandparents were allowed to depart from the wake without being invited to supper—a thing that was considered an insult in those days.

“Persons so inconsiderate of their neighbors, who who had come miles to the wake, as to let them walk out of the house where their mother lay dead, without treating them as visitors should be treated, might as well have sent their boy over and told us to keep off their place.” That was just one of the many thoughts that rushed through the outraged minds of this girl’s grandparents. That breach of rural etiquette was committed in 1874, but it had a direct bearing on my first love affair, some forty years later.

Her mother did not like me because I was half O’Neill, and my mother did not like her because through her veins flowed the tempestuous blood of the Murphys. The feeling that existed between the two families couldn’t have been made amiable by St. Patrick himself, the patron and hero of both the Murpheys and O’Neills. As soon as I began to show myself regularly at her house after school her mother’s voice assumed a harsh note, and the second week of my courtship found her mother in a plain out and out bad disposition; however she said not a word to my face. One day,

though, while I was at the home of my “Only One,” my mother had need of me, and needed me badly. Putting her pride aside she actually managed to stutter the telephone number of a mortal enemy to a disinterested operator. The telephone functioned perfectly, and lightning struck in two places at once.

When the storm was over I found that I was forbidden to call at her house by her mother and by my own. Here was where the suffering began.

I was not to go “near her,” as my mother put it to me. What a crime! The world seemed so cold and simply would not understand. To think that I, a boy in High School, could not be with the sweetest girl that I had known, or would probably ever know! Oh, I was so imposed upon. We sat near each other in several classes in school and my eyes ached heroically from watching her. Times there were when she would look over at me and my whole heart winced, my mind revolted, and I almost hated the two families that were keeping us apart. And what sweet occasions these were when our eyes would meet! Such a bitter, and yet sweet thrill passed the length and breadth of my body; her eyes soft and pleading, seemed to call out to her champion: “Oh, Andy, can’t you do somethin to stop this terrible injustice that is being put upon us?” And did I?

It was certainly evident that our affair was no childish affair, and we always seemed anxious to assure each other of this whenever we got a good chance to meet which was of course clandestinely and often. Those meetings—should I tell of them? Why not? They would just go to show the extremes to which “outraged” youth will fly. On one occasion, which I well remember, I went hunting, supposedly, but instead of staying with my chums I left them and cut across two huge foothills where I met my lady love at the house of a friend. That walk was made in December and I covered eight miles of ground; but what were eight miles when compared with getting to see the girl of my dreams? As Ring Lardner would say: “I ask you.” I assure you that the distance was no more than eight gusts of wind that blew on me as I walked—or did I run?

Really, in my opinion, I was enduring as much as God’s poor Belgians were then undergoing at the hands of the Hun. She loved me and I her; our love was “great and deep as the sea;” we were misunderstood by our mothers and relatives; we were martyrs, suffering from the world because we served the Goddess of Love; and an unfeeling and uninterested world stood idly by and looked on.

But folks have to wake up some time—they can’t sleep and dream all of their lives. My girl and I suddenly got sick and tired of each other.

Nothing was said at first, but we both felt the break coming on. I had met her in my fourteenth year and our mothers had had a bitter argument over us in the year of 1918. In 1924, six years later, there was another big Murphy-O'Neill battle. It was a storm, but not between mothers. It was between lovers. For days the elements howled and wailed: torrents fell, rivers of tears overran their banks, and the wind of fiery talk shook the houses.

It was a storm far worse than the storm after great-grandmother O'Neill died and her grandparents went home hungry; it was a storm far worse than that of the day the telephone functioned perfectly and lightning struck in two places at once. It was a terrible mess, this last storm, but after it had abated a bit the sun peeked out and saw from his towering throne wiser and older children who would live to love some other day.

Saved!

JACK MULLEN, 28.

WHEN the west-bound limited stopped at Six Corners, Indiana, on a bright afternoon in May, only one passenger clambered aboard. He appeared to be between thirty-five and forty years of age, dark, and distinctly unprepossessing. The negro porter surveyed his clothes with admiration; the brakeman looked them over with amazement. The red stripe about his straw hat alone would have given him an appearance that was at least "different." He had that indescribable something about him which never fails to mark the travelling salesman.

When the train was once more in motion, the new passenger walked forward to the smoker, and there slumped down into an empty seat. After a few minutes, however, (perhaps he did not find his own company very congenial), he stood up, stretched, and looked about him with the ominous air of a bird of prey.

A few seats farther up in the car sat a husky young man who was evidently engrossed in the book which he was reading. He passed a big hand through his black wavy hair, apparently unconscious of the movement. The salesman contemplated him with delight. In a moment he had occupied the next seat to the reader, but the latter did not notice him.

"Well, it's a fine day, isn't it?" began the drummer.

No answer.

"Say stranger, ain't this wonderful weather, we're having?"

The one addressed looked up a bit dazedly.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"Yes, I was just saying what a fine day it is."

The young fellow looked around him as if to find an avenue of escape. He realized that he had fallen into the hands of that mortal enemy of all travelers, the inveterate conversationalist. Seeing that his case was hopeless, he closed his book and racked his brains for a means of escape from the predicament.

"My name," said the salesman, "is John Samuel Finkelstein, and my business is selling hymn-books. Playing cards I also sell, only that is a side-line,"

he explained."

"Finkelstein is an odd name for a hymn-book salesman, remarked the young man candidly.

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "but when I sell hymn-books my name is just John Samuel. Perhaps you would be interested in a fine, leather-bound hymn-book, containing all the hymns used in the church services of the United States and Europe?"

"We seldom use hymn-books in the church I attend," said the victim.

"Oh, I see. You are a Catholic. Perhaps you would be interested in some playing cards?"

The young man started. He looked closely at the speaker, but it seemed innocent of all malice. Before he could say a word, the hymn-book salesman blandly took another tack.

"What is your business?"

"Nothing, just now. I am a college student.

"Ah, I see, uh, huh. Where do you go?"

"Notre Dame."

"Yes, oh, yes. I saw their football team last fall. It was not as good as I had expected," remarked Finkelstein with the air of one who knows. I had expected to see a football game, but it was more like basketball. Now when I played football" he continued loudly, "it was different."

"It must have been," thought the student, while the other continued.

"In those days it took a real man to play football, not just some guy who could run fast."

"Why that star half-back of yours, Robinson, ain't any good. He's just lucky, just lucky. Him-m-m—. Say, stranger, what did you say your name was?"

The young man stared at him for a moment, and then said coolly:

"My name is Sam Robinson."

The eyes of the salesman almost popped from his head. He looked at the powerful shoulders and big hands of the college student apprehensively, and stammered:

"I—I think I'll get myself a drink of water." He got up hurriedly and walked to the water faucet, took a drink, and sat down in another seat.

"Old Sam Robinson will never know what a good turn he did for me to-day," thought the husky young man as he reopened his book.

A Dream vs. Darlinger

L. R. M'INTYRE, '28

DARLINGER.. had been dreaming; it seemed that he was in a bleak, dismal prison cell. Vaguely the thought came to him that he should not be there. What had he done? Condemned to die next day, and why? For no reason at all; he had perpetrated no crime. Yet, the kindly—visaged judge said he had murdered his wife and child, but of course that was absurd!

Across the cold concrete corridor was Tony. Moonshine had made a maniac of him; while under the control of the devil's drink he had hacked his wife and eight children to pieces. In the adjacent cell was Nick Morona. Unfortunate derelict, he was the young fellow who has wiped out fifty people, that were celebrating a family reunion, by accidentally—so his lawyers said,—dropping a lighted and exactly timed bomb into their midst. There were others, many others gazing, through gray iron bars, at death.

Well, he would be gone next morning, anyway. Yes, but where, and why was he going? Oh, if only that seething, chaotic brain of his would become normal! It was after midnight, and he had not had a wink of sleep for days. Brace up, old fellow, it will turn out all right yet.

Dawn came filtering through his barred window, and with it the heavy official step of the warden in the concrete corridor. It halted at his door. Indeed "it" resolved itself into the steps of four armed wardens and a clergyman carrying his leather-bound Bible and his solemn visage. The latter conversed with the hopless man for several minutes, while the guards brought his breakfast. Eagerly Darlinger disposed of it with a serenity and unconcern that made those hardened men marvel. It seemed unreal that it was to be his last breakfast, in this life. Perhaps, however, it was not! Who knows?

They left the cell; the wardens with

bowed heads; Darlinger erect, his lips twisted into a forlorn smile; the clergyman reading aloud the burial service, amid the prayers and farewells of the convicts—some of whom would soon experience a similar fate.

They reached that great black door through which many entered, but few returned in mortal shape. They passed through it and there was the omnipotent death-dealing arm of justice,—the Chair! Eager faces crowded about, seeming to revel in the prospect of a fellowman's effacement. Darlinger from his stupor thought he recognized those faces.

He was strapped in the chair, just as the minister finished the service. The switch was right in front of him! The warden grasped it! Slowly, slowly that hand descended! Three inches to go! two inches—one inch!

Suddenly everything was illuminated; a celestial bliss pervaded Darlinger's entire being. There was a beautiful country home, his home—far removed from the affectation, bustle, poverty and depravity of the city—all white and glistening against its fresh green background. There was a dog, romping playfully about his small companion, a child nearly three years old! There was a woman eagerly running closely followed by the small, tottering friend, to meet a man cheerfully, briskly walking down the roadway! The man gathered the woman into his arms and affectionately kissed her; with the same love and tenderness he embraced his son and patted the eager, clamorous dog with as much fondness as if he too were a small son.

Ah, then it had been a dream, a horrible nightmare. Thank Heaven! it was only a dream. Well, anyhow, it was over now!

A switch clicked,—the lights went out and on again—revealing the murderer dead in the chair, a smile of satisfaction on his manly face!

Darlinger had dreamed the wrong dream.

Reveries of Youth

PAUL J. HARRINGTON.

(Contributed for Engineers' Number)

AS I SIT AND DREAM, the waving light of afternoon cold gleam, over old Brownson Study Hall. There is the suggestion of a sneer in the globes that have looked on so many boyish pranks. Upon the throne a prefect sits, his face revealing nothing of his thought. What passes behind the mask and the restless eyes set in a Brother Alphonsus? I often wonder what he thinks about during the long hours he spends upon Brownson throne. The work of his office is least at this hour, when all activities of the day have faded and the morrow looms so distant. He goes thru routine work without the slightest need to bring himself into the present. Does he note only the array of faces spread before him and study them as the chess-player does his men? Is he amused, or amazed, at the mock-seriousness of it all, at our life-and-death-matter appearance, or does he pick out faces that appeal to him and outline for each a career filled with the wonders of life? Is it his hobby to search and search among those faces for semblance of faces long gone, to compare feature and lines, to wonder and guess and predict? Perhaps he sits up there seeming cold and distant, but really longing to help those troubled boys, to share the perplexities and smooth the "disaster" of youth with the able touch of experience? At times the eyelids droop, and as a sympathetic smile passes

over the faces lifted a moment to watch the "grand old man" his head sinks and we suppose that he has gone to the Land of Nod. I know not if this be so. Mayhap the past has stolen about him and blotted out the desks, the faces, the lights, the present—only to reveal within the mist those other faces gathered from beyond the river and over the hill; faces that seem to pause a moment the while Time paints a little smile on each, a smile that says so much to him. Can it be this that softens those hard lines about that stern but pleasant face; or do they disappear when dreams of field, and brook, and flower, and bird bring memory pictures of long and happy days onto the stage before those weary eyes? Some have said—but I shall not believe—that sinking of the steady head upon the shapely hand shows life has lost its interest and the mind turns begging, seeking, to the past. Who will deny that a mind looks out from that gentle countenance, as sharp and pointed as a rapier blade; a mind that plays its part and wins the day with no more evidence of effort than the rare blue glint reflected from those patient eyes? And, who can gainsay me if I claim that mien so calm and still to be the result of a long life spent in successful effort to do and be even as He whose weary head nods sweet approval from the cross above the prefect's throne.

THE WEAKLING

Almighty, when my clay thou chose to mold,
To breathe therein the spirit that is mine,
The finish of the work thou didst with-hold
That I might shape at least the final line
And so gain honor in my sight and Thine.
But though the part assigned to me is small,
And though Thy bounty shames Thy slight demand,
Weak and afraid, unto Thy throne I crawl;
Nor ever in Thy presence shall I stand
Unless in pity Thou dost guide my hand.

ROBERT HENNES, '27

A Shot in The Dark

LEO J. McCAULEY, '27

THE ambulance clanged down the street and came to a slurring stop before the dimly lit building. An officious young interne broke through the excited crowd, which had assembled seemingly from nowhere, and dashed up the stairs. Several policemen appeared, one stationing himself at the door, and the others slowly forcing back the crowd. A reporter frantically broke through the mob, entered the house, only to reappear a few minutes later and scamped madly for a telephone. In less than a half-hour newsboys were howling "Extra" and pushing glistening newspapers with big scareheads into the faces of hurrying passers-by. In the din of the subways thousands of people bent their heads, absorbed in the gripping story, told under the caption, "A Shot in the Dark."

By that time "Zim" O'Brien, the cause of all the frenzy, was resting between immaculate sheets in the Bellevue Hospital, while a very capable and rather lovely young nurse was taking his pulse. O'Brien, the father of "Zim" and his portly, bustling spouse were splitting Gaelic expletives at each other outside the screen which surrounded the bed. Fume or "blarney" as they would, they received nothing except, "He is doing a swell as can be expected." An officer of the law, and an inspector from headquarters, sat stolidly by awaiting developments, and a young police reporter walked the floor nervously.

A moan from the bed brought the nurse immediately. She smoothed the sheets with deft hands and bent her brown, bobbed head close to the curly black one on the pillow to see if she could catch the mumbled words. She placed her hand upon the patient's hot head, and "Zim" awoke looking into a pair of eyes that rivalled the Mediterranean for blueness and Mary Pickford's for expression.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"You are in the Bellevue Hospital," crisply, "you were brought here from 678 Colfax Street in an unconscious condition, and a police reporter and an officer are awaiting to question you."

"Good Night," muttered "Zim," is it as bad as that?"

"Oh, it's not so bad," she replied airily. Jim looked at her as admiringly as his drooping lids would permit, and grinned, faintly.

"No, I guess not," he said, weakly. Despite professional ethics, the nurse, who was only human, blushed, and then, rather hastily said:

"Well, you don't have to see them right away you know."

"Now or never," said Jim, "bring them on."

.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien entered, loud and wailing; the police deputy was crude and abrupt; the reporter eager; and only the efficiency of the nurse saved Jim.

The Inspector—"Now, young man, tell the truth and—

Reporter—"Where were you when the—

Mr. O'Brien—"I've been there myself, me bye, 'twill be—

Mrs. O'Brien—"Arrah, Jimmie, and what did they do—

Jimmie—"Good Night—Nurse!"

When order was restored, the sergeant took the floor, and started questioning.

"Did you take a shot in the house?"

"I'll say I did," moaned Jim.

"Where were you at the time?"

"In the cellar."

"Who was with you?"

"I was alone, of course."

"Alone? Well, who did you shoot at? What did you do with the body?"

Jimmie stared blankly: "Shoot at? Body?"

"Yes," growled the Inspector, "you heard me. You weren't having a target practice, were you? Come on, now, speak up."

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien wept; the nurse looked at "Jim" tenderly, sympathetically; the reporter gazed at him with eager eyes, his pencil poised in mid-air.

Suddenly "Jim" laughed, peal upon peal, so hysterically that the nurse rang for the interne, and started towards the bed. "Oh," gasped "Zim," "I remember. Before all went black, I told you I took a shot, and I did, but there was no report, only a gurgle-gurgle-gurgle."

The O'Briens—"Oh Heavens."

The Nurse—"Oh!-Oh!"

The Reporter—"Aha."

The Inspector—"Who gurgled?"

"I did," said Jim. "I was trying out dad's home brew."

Then with a glance towards the limp nurse, "And I'm glad I did."



BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISSI. By Gilbert K. Chesterton, New York: George H. Doran Company, \$1.20.

This is a brilliant, sweeping sketch of the great saint of Assisi. Chesterton assays to present a short, compressed story of Francis, vivid with color, a convincing picture—convincing, because the writer is proselytizing, and appealing to those who do not understand St. Francis, to hear and understand the Saint just a little. That is his aim, and the result is just that. It is a very beautiful book.

The world, before Francis, was hurrying to an abyss. Christianity was being slowly obliterated. After Calvary, Christ left the world smiling through its tears, for then it was the brightest day and the warmest sunshine. Time brought clouds, and the storm of ungodliness and impiety. There came a darkest hour; and then came, appearing wild and dishevelled, but with face aglow with a beautiful asceticism, the strange new leader, St. Francis.

St. Francis had been an impetuous, worldly youth. Exasperations and disgraces brought a wonderful change. Disowned by his father, he fled to the hills and forests, and began his life of sacrifice.

It amounted to a cleansing of his soul, a spiritual shower—to be modern, as Mr. Chesterton is. Francis emerged gleaming with health of soul, prepared to meet the problem of salvation. He solved the problem as it related to himself, and solved the problem, virtually of the whole world.

To classify Chesterton's book on St. Francis is really difficult. It is a discussion of Franciscan philosophy, and yet it is not just that. It is not really biographical, as we understand biographies to be—it does not deal with events, primarily, scurrying here and there to produce dates and concrete facts. Perhaps the writer's own classification is most useable here, and he calls it a terse, imperfect (we are not so sure of its imperfection) introduction to the life of St. Francis, written to intrigue the interest, and quicken the desire to know Francis, of those who are strangers to the Saint. Chesterton is sure that St. Francis is a great, moving world-force, and that for this chiefly is his story worthy of every ear.

The well known Chestertonian style is here in its best quality. The paradoxes are as brilliant, but not less brilliant are his colorful figures, his swift, surprising examples. We believe him, too, when he says he is a great admirer of St. Francis,

for his book is the work of a hero-worshipper. Chesterton sees the little candle which his book has lit, flicker but momentarily, followed by its extinguishing, before the Assisian shrine. But it is our covert belief that the tiny rays will travel far, and that the fair name of St. Francis will be enlightened much by its venerative and tender beams.

—JAMES A. CARROLL, '25.

—NDS—

FALSE PROPHETS. By James M. Gillis, C. S. P. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

This volume is a compilation of a number of sermons preached by the editor of the *Catholic World* which were afterwards published monthly in the pages of that foremost Catholic magazine. It is obvious to the reader that they were not intended primarily for the sake of adding something to the critical bibliography of the divers subjects. It may be said that they are designed to "set right" the ordinary Catholic of the street. But they are also particularly appropriate, it seems to me, for the college student.

Father Gillis's pen is directed with deadly precision at the great shams of our times. G. B. S., H. G. Wells, Sigmund Freud, Conon Doyle, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ernest Haeckel, Mark Twain and Anatole France are the subjects which the author picks to illustrate the tendency towards Paganism in our modern world.

Here indeed is a great array of talent. These are names to conjure with in certain quarters. There are many ultra-moderns who think of these men as Saints of Progress instead of False Prophets but to that group Father Gillis's does not appeal. As I have said above it is rather to the intelligent Catholic who is most likely to be poisoned with some of the false philosophy of men like Wells and Freud. that the book is intended for.

The writer calls his group of -false prophets "polite pagans, civilized pagans, in some cases of very nice culture, of high intelligence, and of great education."

"False Prophents" is the kind of a book that a Catholic college student should not neglect for it is certain to help us in determining the value of the certain of our most prominent "thinkers" on whom much undeserved praise is spilled by deceived followers.

The Fall of Man

DONALD WILKINS, '27

NOT many people are aware of the existence of San Gabriel College, and, therefore, not many people are familiar with her customs and traditions. It is hidden away in a quaint little Kentucky village, a typical college town, secure from the prying gaze of the rude world; but I am one of that select number privileged to speak familiarly of its innermost secrets, for I spent four years there, working and worrying, playing and complaining, along with the rest of her loyal sons.

To the outsider San Gabriel is no different than a dozen other small colleges scattered through the Middle West, but to a loving alumnus it is the acme of academic achievement, the climax of collegiate convention. The greatest boast of San Gabriel is the manliness and virility of her sons, lauded in song and story by every class that has gone out from her venerable walls. A "San Gabe" man is regarded as the personification of all that is masculine, and any breach of this trust is looked upon on the campus as the unpardonable sin.

As the exponent of all that is strong in the stronger sex, the highest deity of San Gabriel is athletics. The athletes are the high priests, and the stadium and gym the altars where they offer bloody sacrifices of vanquished visiting teams, victims of the supreme in supermanliness. The letter men form the little aristocracy of the school that dictates in everything, from how many rours a night should be spent in study, to what number of holes should be punctured in a fedora to render it campus-worthy.

These last few years, whenever I meet one of these co-educated college boys, arrayed in ice cream colored knickers with flashy golf socks, or overwhelmed in one of those balloon type raccoon coats, I hearken back to good old "San Gabe" where men are men and clothes come under necessities, not luxuries, and I revel in the contemplation of what a reception such costumes would draw forth there, even in the present day and age.

Every fall, since my graduation, I have made it my business to return to my alma mater for one or two of the leading football games. It always did my heart good to stroll across the campus as of old, drinking in all the old sights (no double meaning intended), renewing past familiarities and refreshing my memory of the good old days. It made my heart beat faster to see the arrogant

youths hurrying to and fro on the "quad" in their battered hats, lumber-jack shirts, corduroy trousers and hobnails, just as in former days. San Gabriel was still the same dear old school, rough and ready as ever.

The first big game last fall was with Oskaloosa Aggies. I had looked forward to it with feverish anxiety ever since the football schedule first was published, and the morning of the great struggle found me aboard train, hastening back to the scene of my college days. About noon I stepped off the train and breathed once again the sweet air of my old college town. Yes sireee! Everything was just the same as the day I left, even the—and then I experienced a horrible shock. Down Main Street strolled three young men, resplendent in bright knickers and gay plaid socks.

But my reason was ready with an explanation. Some visitors in town from a co-ed school, down to see football as it is played by regular men. I was afraid some of our boys might forget themselves and treat visitors rudely because of their outlandish regalia. Then I looked again—all three were flying S. G. colors.

I groped my way down the street in a daze and staggered into the Premier hotel (without attracting any unusual attention), meeting six fur coats and three more pairs of knickers. I guess I kind all of my confidence in my powers of perception by this time.

"You don't look well," said the desk clerk, as I bumped into four arrogant looking young men in Finchley suits and Prince of Wales fedoras, all displaying San Gabriel colors.

"I've looked as well as I could, but I see something worse every time," I murmured faintly.

Just then a tall, husky lad swept by in the biggest raccoon coat I have ever laid my eyes upon. Twenty-two inch trousers, neatly pressed, peeked out from beneath and rested amply on shiny yellow brogues. Light pearl grey gloves were in perfect harmony with a jaunty, spotless fedora. He caused quite a stir in the lobby. Everybody seemed to know him.

"That's Captain O'Shaughnessy of this year's eleven, volunteered the clerk. "And as tough a tackle as they've ever had, too. Son of the President of O'Shaughnessy and Goldberg, you know; biggest men's clothing store in Chicago."



THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

SONNET TO A BALL GIRL

Is it the lure of travel or the thrill
Of a new conquest that has drawn you
here?

Or do you come because some one quite dear
Whispered soft words into your ear until
You gladly (though you hid it) said, "I
will?"

I wonder, as you dance, if you are near
To him who holds you, or if he must fear,
Though holding you, that he must seek you
still?

These questions, pretty stranger, throng
my mind

While "lone and palely loitering" I gaze
Where you and your companion softly
wind,

As the sweet music still more softly
plays.

The only difficulty that I find

Is figuring just *how* the "woman pays."

—NDS—

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WINTERS CASE!

"If *Winters* comes, can spring be far behind?" Fortunately the conductors of this column managed to spring out of danger. But in the rush the valuable manuscripts for Chapters 3 and 4 were abandoned. So the *Mail* is forced to reluctantly delay publication to a future date.

However, the story of Mr. Winters' eventful life has brought to light many secrets of other campus celebrities, who, in the first flush of jealousy, have belittled the life of the Mouthsport marvel. It is expected that the Boswells of these competing candidates will furnish the *Mail* with data for publication in the near future. Speed is requested in order that this burning question may not hang fire all summer.

A TYPICAL "BALL" GAME

(Confined to the batting report of one
player)

1st Inning—Agnes got to South Bend on a hit. She was advanced to the hotel on a sacrifice. Her mother fanned while Agnes stole downstairs. She was put out when caught napping.

3rd Inning—Agnes walked when her friend failed to put across a "strike" after "three balls" had been called on. Another attempted sacrifice ended in a double put-out.

5th Inning—Agnes reached first with a kiss right off the bat, too hot to handle. She stole second and third without any trouble and scored on a double steal.

7th Inning—Agnes connected with the Ball fair and square, making such a hit that she was given a diamond of her own.

9th Inning—Agnes broke up the game with a home run.

—NDS—

Men from Corby Hall will make a canvass of the campus sometime during the week in a membership drive for the S.P.C.A.

—NDS—

Senior classes this morning were as popular as a No-Parking sign when you're chauffering a U-Drive-It.

—NDS—

Full many a dress and tux of crease and sheen

The Palais Royale's polished floor did
bear,

Whose owner, though far distant from the
scene,

In worried spirit hovered ever there.

Waiting For The Mail

D. J. O'N.

"Well, there's the bell; that means a letter for someone. No reason why I should go down though. Guess the Post Office department has a personal grudge against me."

"Still, the girl might have decided to get even with me by using the stationery I gave her for Christmas."

"Guess I'll go down anyway and watch the other lads get theirs."

"There might be a check from Dad; I asked him for an additional five. The last time I did that he wrote back and asked me for ten, but he may have had a change of heart."

"Well, here I am listening to the roll-call and I swore I'd never do it again."

"By Jove, I ought to get a letter at that. I haven't had even a 'please favor us with a remittance' in two weeks. Lionel Strongfort must have checked me off his list too;

he hasn't offered to restore my lost strength for some time. And I do miss those letters from the embalming college; they were so cheerful."

"There's that bloke from 217 receiving his customary five letters all addressed in girls' handwriting. He must have a flock of sisters. It's certain that no girl farther removed than a first cousin would clutter up the mails for him."

"Gee, I thought I had one then. He called O'Neill but it was for another member of the tribe."

"Getting toward the bottom. Guess there's none for me; might have known it."

"What! D. J.? Shoot it over. Two of 'em! Hurrah! One from the girl and one from Dad. By Jove, here's a check too. Guess I don't stand in with the postal authorities, what?"



MY GARDEN

Whoever should visit the garden
 Where I spend my happiest hours
 Would not see my rainbow-mist fountains,
 Nor breathe the perfume of my flowers:
 Would not see the background of mountains
 That mirror themselves in the lake,
 Nor hear the winds musically sighing
 In the night that the birds forsake. . . .
 When all other gardens are dying
 Mine with its beauty still teems
 But only I can enjoy it
 For mine is a garden of dreams.

—ANSELM MILLER, 25

SPORTS

NOTRE DAME, 71—OHIO WESLEYAN, 60

Coach Knute K. Rockne's Notre Dame track team uncovered a wealth of strength and speed to overcome the Ohio Wesleyan track squad, 71 to 60, in a dual meet at Delaware, Ohio, Saturday afternoon, May 9.

Notre Dame took eleven firsts, allowing the Ohio collegians to take four. Two more men were added to the list of monogram winners when Raymond Cunningham took the broad jump with 22 feet, 7 inches, and Masterson won the half mile race in :58.

Capt. "Bud" Barr took first place in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes; John Wendland won the two mile race in 9:47; Paul Harrington crossed the bar in the pole vault at 12 feet, but failed in his attempt at 12 feet, 6 inches.

Jimmy Stack registered a victory in the quarter-mile race, adding a touch of exceptional quality to his consistency by finishing the run in :49.9. Charley Judge took the mile race in 4:28.

In the other field events, Frank Milbauer won the shot-put with a mark of 43 feet, 11 1-2 inches. Gebhard won the discus with a throw of 126 feet. Notre Dame won the mile relay race in 3:22, the quartet being composed of McDonald, Stack, Coughlin and Barr.

Notre Dame meets Michigan State at Cartier field this afternoon in the second-last dual meet of the year. Iowa will be the last dual meet, and the state and conference affairs still remain to be run off.

NOTRE DAME, 10—WABASH, 6

Notre Dame's baseball team, hitting hard and often in the closing innings of the game with Wabash, and displaying a smart brand of fielding that sapped the life from many potential runs, defeated the Little Giants, 10 to 6, on Cartier field, Monday afternoon. It was the second meeting of the two teams this year, and Notre Dame's second win over the down-staters.

Hostilities started rather insignificantly, each team apparently trying out the other, as though they had never met before, until Wabash began to walk away with the lead. Then Notre Dame found a small footing and caught up with the Little Giants in the fifth inning, only to lose their advantage again in the first of the seventh. The two run lead was certain defeat for Notre Dame, if the big stick was not applied more effectively, but the Irish made the last of the seventh their inning, hammering five runs to give them a three point lead, and thus secure the game.

Joe Dawes worked like a charm for the first four innings, but began to weaken in the fifth and allowed several walks that gave Wabash a chance to take the lead. Besten went in for the seventh and finished the game, performing in his usual excellent style both in the box and at the plate.

The seventh inning was all Notre Dame, and Robertson of Wabash, admirable little pitcher that he was, lost his control over the ball, and Notre Dame called it a base hitting afternoon.

Dunne was first up, and he singled and took second on an error by Englehart. Farrell doubled scoring Dunne. O'Boyle sin-

gled. Silver hit a grounder to the infield and Englehart made a try for home to get Farrell coming from third, but the action was a trifle slow and Farrell scored as Silver continued on to second. The score was tied now at five all.

Jimmy Murray came to bat and took advantage of Robertson's persistent weakness and drove out another single that scored O'Boyle and Silver. It began to look like a Notre Dame game and the crowd was happy. Besten singled, advancing Murray, and Crowley sacrificed. Prendergast was safe on Robertson's error and Nolan hit a fly to Burdette. Murray on third made a dash for home, but Besten was called out by the umpire for failing to go back and touch second on the fly out. Both teams held a debate in the middle of the field, and although Wabash won the argument the umpire ruled that Murray's run counted.

Notre Dame added two more runs in the eighth when Dunne singled and O'Boyle did likewise to score Dunne. Farrell on the paths as a result of a walk, scored on Murray's single. Dale of Wabash hit a triple in the ninth, which went for four bases and the last score, when Murray lost the relay in left field.

BOX SCORE:

NOTRE DAME						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crowley, 3b	4	1	0	0	4	0
Prendergast, 2b.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Nolan, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0	0
Dunne, rf.	5	2	2	2	0	0
Farrell, cf.	4	3	3	3	0	0
O'Boyle, lf.	4	2	2	2	0	0
Silver, c.	4	1	0	13	1	0
Murray, ss.	4	1	2	0	2	1
Dawes, p.	2	0	1	0	0	0
*Besten, p.	2	0	2	0	0	0
Total	35	10	13	27	8	1

WABASH

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Nelson, 3b.	3	1	1	0	2	1
Burdette, lf.	5	1	1	2	0	1
Dale, ss.	4	1	1	3	2	1
Wyatt, cf.	1	1	0	1	0	0
Cripe, rf.	3	1	2	2	1	0
Englehart, 2b.	4	0	1	2	4	1
Thompson, 1b.	4	0	0	11	0	2

Robertson, p.	4	0	0	0	3	1
Chew, c.	3	1	2	3	2	0
Totals	31	6	8	24	14	7

Batted for Dawes in sixth.

Score by innings:

Wabash	000	030	201	6	8	7
Notre Dame	000	012	52x	10	12	1

Struck out—9 by Dawes, 1 by Besten; 3 by Robertson.

Base on balls—5 off Dawes, 1 off Besten; 7 off Robertson.

Two-base hits—Prendergast; Farrell.

Three-base hit—Dale.

Hit by pitched ball—Wyatt by Besten.

Umpire—Greckel.

INTER-HALL BASEBALL SCHEDULE

For Remaining Games.

Sunday, May 17

Sorin vs. Walsh...Brownson field, 10:00 A. M.

Badin vs. Corby...Varsity field, 10:00 A. M.

Sunday, May 24

Badin vs. Sorin...Varsity field, 10:00 A. M.

Corby vs. Day...Brownson field, 10:00 A. M.

The winner in each division will compete for the Inter-hall Championship and trophy.

STANDINGS.

Western Section.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Badin	2	0	1.000
Walsh	2	1	.666
Sorin	1	1	.500
Corby	1	1	.500
Day	0	3	.000

Eastern Section.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Carroll	3	0	1.000
Brownson	2	1	.666
Sophomore	1	2	.333
Freshman	0	3	.000

INTER-HALL BASEBALL

With the *Wake*, Harve Woodruff, and most of the rest of humanity worrying over the outcome of the Kentucky Derby, Notre Dame has been looking in on its own snappy, fast and interesting race in the Inter-Hall base-

ball circles. The Inter-Hall league is divided into two parts with Walsh, Corby, Sorin, Badin, and the Day Dodgers running the west heats; and Carroll, Brownson, Sophomore, and Freshman battling for honors in the Eastern sector.

When the wire was raised the openers tallied as follows: Badin 2, Day 0; Carroll 9, Sophomore 2; Walsh 13, Corby 3; Brownson 7 and Freshman 2. In the second trials Carroll galloped away from the Brownson entry in a 10 to 4 affair; Sophomore out-batted Freshman 7-3; Badin measured Walsh 0-4, while Sorin was kept going strong in order to nose out the Day Dogs, 4 to 1.

Last Sunday, May 10, saw the final series played in the Eastern section. The results: Carroll, 14, Freshman, 13, was posted as the final score only after a sensational rally by the Carroll forces. This got under way when McDonald, right fielder, lifted the sphere for a round trip ride, and was aided and abetted when Johnnie Victorin poked out a two station blow with three men on. Conley Murphy hurled for Carroll with Hugh McCafferty pulling them in from behind the rubber. Jerry Nolan on first; Ray Mock on second, and Bill Kelly at the hot corner, all turned in nice games. McGonagle starred for Freshman in making 5 hits out of as many trips to bat, and clearing up everything around second in stellar manner.

CORBY, 4—SORIN, 1

The feature of this melee was the pitching of Corby's ace, Noppenberger. Bud Barringer rated as the heavy hitter of the clash, while Red Edwards turned in a nice game at first. Hunzinger lifted out "one of the longest seen in these parts" but the umpire nullified the achievement because Ed. neglected to touch first in his frolic.

BROWNSON, 18—SOPHOMORE, 2

Amiot and Lahey, Keats and Griffin, formed the Brownson battery staff in this Reidy performed for the Sophomore con-runaway. Welsh and Howard hurling to Reidy performed for the Cophomore contingent. The absence of good twirlers was the noticeable defect in the Sophomore offer-

ing. Ryan, McAdams, and Slocum turned in the best record for the losers while Willis Riley at short, Ote at third, and Lahey copped the honors for Brownson.

WALSH, 5—DAY, 2

As has been the case throughout the season Walsh and Sullivan, the battery staff for Walsh Hall featured in the humiliation of the Day Dog forces by the batsmen in a five to two contest. The Day aggregation lacked spirit but a great deal of credit is due Pitcher Sny who kept the opposing willow lifters guessing. Wozniak looked very good on first while Dohogne also performed well. Walsh plays Sorin Thursday.

Score by Innings.

Walsh	4	0	0	0	0	1	0—5	4	2
Day	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—2	5	7

HALL SPIRIT REVIVING

The interest in interhall baseball encourages a belief that the fears expressed last winter over the decay of hall spirit were unfounded. Every game draws a large crowd and the enthusiasm was higher than the scores—which is usually quite enthusiastic.

MR. J. SCHULMAN

Sales Manager for a large Chicago organization will be at the Oliver Hotel in the near future, to put on a few live wires, both those who want to make real money during vacation and also those who want to make permanent connections.

Write at once for appointment. Room 521 Monroe Bldg., 104 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Take care of your teeth!
Use Wrigley's regularly.
It removes food particles
from the crevices. Strength-
ens the gums. Combats
acid mouth.

Refreshing and beneficial!



SANFORD'S

The Original

FOUNTAIN PEN INK



**ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME**

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TENNIS TEAM LOSES TO OKLAHOMA

Notre Dame's tennis team lost its first match of the season to the Oklahoma university quartet, 4 to 1, on the Cartier field courts, Tuesday afternoon. Notre Dame, despite its admirable endeavors, was unable to top the playing of the southwesterners.

Oklahoma ranks high in southern tennis circles and has only lost one match this year, and that to Butler college. Donovan, Notre Dame's captain, won his match in the singles, 6-8, 6-3. Oklahoma won the other three singles and the double match. Donovan and Centilivre paired in the double set.

Notre Dame will go to the conference meet at Chicago, May 22-23-24. The Blue and Gold netters will also return to the state meet on May 29-30, to defend the title won by Captain Donovan and his team last year.

The local quartet hopes to make a greater showing in the western conference meet this year, than they did last, and that is equivalent to victory, as last year, Donovan went to the semi-finals, only to lose to Wilson, of Chicago, winner of the Big Ten title. Wilson has dropped out of competition this year, but Notre Dame will still have to face Goodwillie, of Illinois, and Sagalowosky, of Butler.

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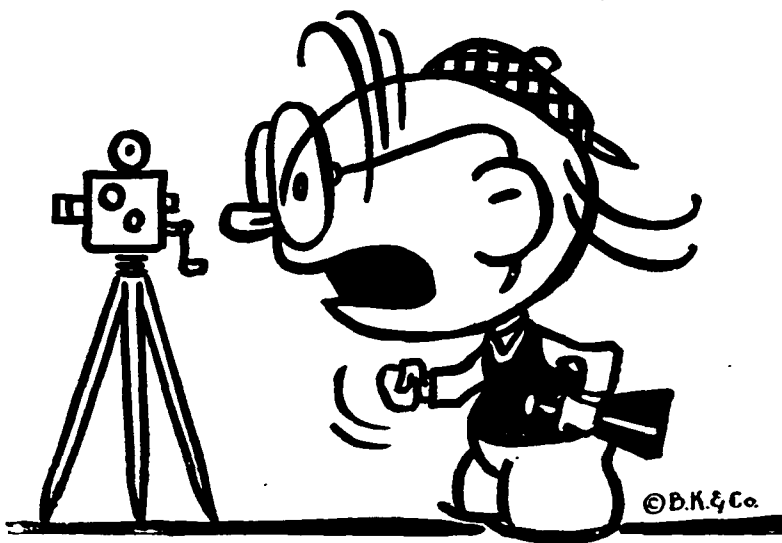
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